

## Shit, Steve. by heystyles

**Category:** Stranger Things (TV 2016)

**Genre:** Gen, Hurt/Comfort, Injury, Other Additional Tags to Be Added

**Language:** English

**Characters:** D'Artagnan "Dart" (Stranger Things), Demo-Dogs (Stranger Things), Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Lucas Sinclair, Max (Stranger Things), Steve Harrington, Will Byers

**Status:** In-Progress

**Published:** 2017-11-10

**Updated:** 2017-12-16

**Packaged:** 2022-04-03 14:48:57

**Rating:** Teen And Up Audiences

**Warnings:** Graphic Depictions Of Violence

**Chapters:** 3

**Words:** 1,985

**Publisher:** archiveofourown.org

**Summary:**

Based on the events of 2x06.

When the demo-dogs ambush the group on the bus, Steve doesn't come away entirely unscathed.

# 1. Chapter 1

## Notes for the Chapter:

That title though. It's 1:30am cut me some slack, lol. (It's probably just a filler title for now anyway.)

Completely unbeta'd (so any and all mistakes are my fault), this is just something that came to mind a few nights ago, so I figured why not post it and see what you guys think! (Sorry it's so short..) Anything you recognize belongs to the Duffer Brothers.

The quiet metallic clang of the lighter is the only sound in the entire junkyard as they lie in wait for Dart to appear. Max is the first to add to the only noise already present amongst the deafening silence.

*“So you really fought one of these things before?”*

A slow nod is the only response Steve is willing to provide before Max continues on.

*“And you’re, like, totally, 100% sure it wasn’t a bear?”*

“Shit- don’t be an idiot. Okay? It wasn’t a bear.” Dustin chimes in suddenly, brow furrowed in annoyance.

*God I wish it was a bear, Steve thinks, things would be a hell of a lot easier if it were a bear.*

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Steve Harrington had experienced adrenaline rushes before in his life.  
*But nothing like this.*

“*Steve! Abort! ABORT!*” Dustin’s shrill scream can suddenly be heard over the piercing shrieks of the demo-dogs and Steve immediately springs into action. Well, *away from action*. But not before taking out a few of the *slimy bastards* along the way.

“*Steve, run!*”

“*Steve, HURRY!*”

Sprinting as fast as his legs can carry him over such uneven terrain, Steve very narrowly makes it inside the bus when suddenly-- *an intense shooting pain erupts up his left leg*. Nearly too horrified to look, Steve’s chest seizes in fear as he tries in vain to shake off the creature now embedded in his ankle.

The kids are screaming, he’s screaming, *it’s sheer chaos* and Steve can hardly think straight, the sharp, stabbing pain slowly being replaced by a creeping numbness-- when finally Lucas is able to stun the creature with one effectively timed shot from his Wrist Rocket.

Slamming the bus door shut, the group quickly scrambles away from the entrance, Dustin attempting a call for help over the walkie talkie before another demo-dog makes an appearance at the rear of the bus not a moment later.

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Steve has *no idea* how they somehow make it out alive, but the entire group watches on with baited breath as the creatures are drawn away by some unseen force.

Lucas and Max are clutching at each other for dear life, if only for a brief moment before they let go, and Steve sags against the bus wall, nail-bat clattering to the ground.

“Shit shit shit! Steve!” Dustin’s voice cracks on the last *shit* , and Steve smiles in tired amusement as the boy quickly ducks to his side. Steve blinks and Max and Lucas are there too.

“Oh God, Steve--” Lucas’s tone indicates that whatever happened to Steve’s ankle is clearly *not good*, and Max’s face confirms the sentiment.

Steve tries to open his mouth to protest, *to ask how bad it is* -- but suddenly he’s cold. So very cold.

A voice penetrates the tense silence all of a sudden, although Steve quickly realizes the voice is actually in his head— and it sounds a lot like the Byers kid.

***“He likes it cold.”***

**Notes for the Chapter:**

Poor Steve, lol. Thoughts?

## 2. Chapter 2

### Notes for the Chapter:

wow so !! holy shit!! i did not at all expect the huge response this got and i am wowowow just blown away so thank you so so so so much.. as thanks to all your kind words and generous kudos, please enjoy a (slightly longer) chapter two!

**\*\*once again this is unbeta'd so if there are any mistakes you happen to catch just know that they are completely my fault lol, and any and all content or dialogue you recognize belongs to the Duffer Brothers! I've just been borrowing a few lines here and there (as you've probably already noticed) to build my own story off of the existing canon plot line, but it'll get going even more in my own plot direction very soon!\*\***

*“You’re positive that was Dart?”* Lucas probes, supporting half of Steve’s weight as Dustin heaves the other half of the weakened teen forward, step by step.

*“Yes . He had the same exact yellow pattern on his butt,”* Dustin's reply is short and pointed, a tone of clear frustration present in his voice despite the strain of carrying Steve.

The teen in question blinks tiredly.

Using his untouched leg as his last remaining point of support, Steve executes a sort of hop/skip motion as they continue along, injured ankle dragging on limply behind him.

“He was *tiny* two days ago,” Max points out, leading the group forward down the rickety old train tracks.

Max has *no clue* where they’re supposed to be headed, but she reluctantly agreed to take point, after Dustin and Lucas’s continued insistence that *they* should be the ones to carry Steve. So here she is, flashlight in hand, fiery hair billowing softly past her face in the chilly night air— with three *idiots* in tow.

“ *Well* , he’s molted three times already,” Dustin supplies an answer, his breathing labored as the familiar sharp ache of overexertion makes itself known in his abdomen.

“ —*malting* ?” Steve slurs, his head feeling suddenly a lot fuzzier than it had moments before.

“ *Molting* . Shed his skin to—” Dustin’s about to finish correcting him when Steve suddenly goes completely limp. If the two thought supporting the lanky teen *before* was hard, Steve’s dead weight becomes *nearly impossible*.

Max spins around at the sound of a slight commotion to see Lucas and Dustin each cursing up a storm as they try their utmost to lower Steve to the ground as gently as possible.

Lucas wordlessly gestures to a tree nearby and Dustin nods, taking the hint as they begin to drag the now completely unconscious Steve off of the tracks and into the grass. Dustin’s about to comment on how unnaturally cold Steve’s hand feels, and he’s almost certain Lucas is sharing the sentiment when Max jogs ahead, unintentionally

distracting them both.

Naturally, Max reaches the base of the tree first.

Her face quickly contorts in confusion at the presence of a yellow flag stuck in the ground at the tree's base, and then disgust as she realizes how rotted and decayed the tree truly is. She catches Lucas's eye as she glances up, furiously shaking her head as they approach, "Different tree, you guys- *pick a different tree.*" There's a hint of panic in her tone and Lucas's expression drips with worry at the sound, but a groan from Steve quickly draws his attention back to their injured friend.

After a few more moments of struggle, Dustin and Lucas somehow manage to successfully prop Steve up against a dirty, but relatively healthy looking oak tree, only to collapse into the dirt themselves seconds after. Chests heaving at matching speeds, the boys take a few moments to compose themselves as Max leans in to examine the eldest member of their group. Steve has completely slipped under again, but Max notices a bizarre amount of movement occurring beneath the boy's eyelids and her chest clenches in worry for *Hawkins's own King Steve*.

Her voice is small, scared, but Steve somehow hears it anyway, the tips of his fingers twitching in response.

*"What the hell is happening to you, Harrington—"*

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Steve doesn't remember many details from after the demo-dog attack. He's fairly certain Dustin gets chewed out by Lucas for hiding Dart and maybe even causing some of this mess as a result, and Dustin fires back, detailing Lucas's rule-breaking decision to tell Max *everything*. There's some bickering, some frustrated shoves, and Steve thinks even *he* contributes a bit to the conversation by mentioning Mews- *poor Mews* - although Steve's not completely sure he's the one that brought up the deceased cat. His voice sounds odd, disconnected- a warbled mess that somehow everyone but Steve can understand. And he's still cold.

*So fucking cold.*

But the two arguing boys come to a consensus later on, he thinks, something about endangering the party equally, but now they're even...? *Who knows* . Steve's mind twists as he tries to comprehend what's happening.

Sneaking one last glance at his ankle, Steve takes in his shredded pant leg and what looks to be a bandana tied in a poor excuse for a tourniquet just above the festering, blackened wound.

*He's going to lose this foot for sure. Hell- maybe even the whole leg.*

Steve lets out a wheeze of a laugh in desperation before his head lolls forward and the panicked shouts of three middle schoolers fade into nothingness.

**Notes for the Chapter:**

life update: so this school semester is quickly coming to a close for me (like i'm sure it is for many of you as well) so i'm a tad bit overwhelmed by projects and exams at the moment, so I guess my question is..

are you guys cool with me continuing to release shorter chapters more frequently (as opposed to longer chapters less frequently), like I currently am? or would you rather I try to release longer chapters? (probably like one every two weeks or so if i'm being honest.. i'm very overwhelmed with school right now)

thank you so so so much again for such a wonderfully positive response and I hope you enjoyed this chapter as well!

### 3. Chapter 3

#### Notes for the Chapter:

honestly.. i have no idea where this plot is going.. its kinda just.. going...lol (also this is unbeta'd AND written at 2am sorry!)

Anything you recognize from the show belongs to the Duffer Brothers!

A sound echoes from somewhere in front of Steve— but his head is still reeling, and he can't place what it is or where it's coming from. *He's not even sure he can look up.* His head feels like it weighs a thousand pounds and his neck aches from the strain.

*"D- Dustin—? A little help over here bud-?"* Steve calls out and his own voice reverberates back toward him, the action sending an intense feeling of unease to his stomach when the boy in question doesn't respond or appear by his side.

Summoning enough energy to jerk his head upward, Steve lets out a moan of pain as the movement he hoped would be quick and painless ends up being agonizingly, achingly slow— and he's finally able to look up at his surroundings.

*At nothing.*

If Steve had to imagine what death looked like, it was this. An endless void. No up, no down. Just *here*.

But he wasn't dead. *No way.*

**He couldn't be.**

*Everything still hurt.* And wasn't death supposed to feel like— *nothing?*

This sure as hell didn't feel like nothing.

"H- Hello—?" He tries calling out again.

**Again, nothing.**

The silence sends another pang of worry and anxiety into Steve's gut, but that feeling is quickly squashed by the sudden realization that the tree the kids had propped him up against— *it's still here.* It's been here this entire time. Right behind his back. It's here. It's solid. *It's real.*

Using only slightly wobbly arms to scoot himself forward, Steve turns around to get a better look and immediately recoils in disgust.

The tree looks like *shit.*

It's gray and decayed and just plain *disgusting*— and it reminds Steve a little bit of a mushroom he saw in his backyard as a kid. It too, was

gray and decayed and disgusting, but an ever-curious five-year-old Steve Harrington just *had* to examine it. He was laid up in bed with hives for two whole weeks after that.

The memory makes Steve shudder and he scoots further away from the source, ankle still throbbing, before a sound captures his attention and he decides to call out again.

“Hello—?”

A slight rustling occurs, and Steve decides he might be a bit better off shambling slowly around the tree as opposed to scooting another five feet on his butt, so he tries to stand.

Planting one hand firmly on the ground, Steve takes a minute to steady his good leg, when suddenly he realizes the ground is covered in about an inch or two of water— *which Steve swears was not there before.*

The rustling occurs again and Steve makes out what he believes to be a tennis shoe-clad foot sticking out from behind the hulking, rotted tree.

“Hey! S- somebody there— ?”

Shuffling along like something straight out of a *Romero movie* , Steve reaches the other side of the tree and finally gets a full-on look at his *void roommate.*

It's a kid, *clearly*.

No adult is that small- *that thin*.

"Hey! *Can you hear me?*" Steve speaks up again, and the figure's head shoots up in his direction.

*It's a girl.*

Curly hair just beginning to drop down into her eyes, she looks no older than Dustin, clad in an oversized flannel and denim overalls.

She scrambles away from the tree at Steve's now known presence, but before Steve can ask anything else, her eyes dart over his shoulder at something in the distance and she yells—

**"NO!"**

---

Steve jerks awake at the sudden outburst and suddenly he's surrounded by three pairs of eyes.

*Max, Dustin, and Lucas.*

Dustin opens his mouth to speak, but Steve leans forward and spins around to face the tree suddenly, his pulse racing.

It's normal. *It's a normal, healthy looking tree.*

***Thank God.***

Letting out an audible sigh in relief, Steve grabs Dustin by the arm and tugs him in for a clumsy hug.

“Y- you guys have no idea h- how happy I am— to- *to see you-*” He pants, slightly out of breath as his right arm is still locked in a vice like grip around Dustin.

The boy in question clears his throat awkwardly and Steve gets the memo.

Finally able to sit up, Dustin adjusts his hat and glances at Max and Lucas warily for a moment, before turning back to Steve, “Steve, *buddy— a- are you okay?*”

**Notes for the Chapter:**

sorry for such a long wait since the last chapter..  
finals week kinda obliterated me.. but i'm done! hell  
yeah!!! i probably wouldn't expect any regular  
updates since it's the holidays now, but i'll definitely

keep working on this story! also I wasn't lying in the beginning notes, I really have no solid plot ideas for where to take this haha.. so yeah if anyone has any suggestions, i'm all ears! lmao

side note: i use a lot of em dashes.. sue me